

# The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,381.

## THE COTTON CORNER.

When the cotton shorts settled with the master of the market, W. P. Brown, on Tuesday, the scene is said to have been one of the most exciting in the recent history of speculation. Except that the commodity dealt in was cotton and not wheat the description of the "screaming brokers" fighting against the inevitable settlement or abjectly throwing themselves on the speculator's mercy in his office, "a veritable torture chamber," was a page from "The Pit"—but with this difference, that it was fact exceeding fiction in dramatic intensity of interest.

During the day the former farm boy of the pine lands, by a nod of his head, put up the price of cotton \$7.50 a bale and forced that price on the markets of London and Liverpool. It was a great triumph; no financial Jupiter of modern times has been able to do more. The pool's net profits have been \$7,000,000.

But in giving Brown his meed of praise for his success, and not forgetting Sully, let us recall briefly the history of the corner since its formation in February.

Beginning with purchases of May options at 8.81 the speculator soon forced the price of cotton up to 11.15 cents a pound. Early in June it had advanced 52 points, and the staple was selling at what was the highest price since 1879. The market was then "completely at Brown's mercy." The high prices were "menacing the dry-goods trade." On June 25 New England mills began to close. By June 29 "all the cotton in sight" was Brown's. English looms were thrown into idleness and Lancashire industries were reported to be "fighting for existence."

July 15 cotton mills began to close in numbers; two days later 15,000 operators were idle in Fall River. On Aug. 18 6,000 more employees were thrown into enforced idleness, and on Sept. 5, when the ring had \$7,000,000 in profits in sight, 1,300,000 spindles were idle. On Sept. 21 the number of idle spindles was 3,000,000. Fully 50,000 persons were out of work, and in England whole villages were idle and cotton spinners were starving.

This is the other side of the Brown triumph, and it makes a less pleasing picture. The jewelry salesman cut Fall River out of their routes this autumn; it was a small sign signifying much.

What is the moral responsibility of the gambler who, to increase his profits, has brought hardship into thousands of homes?

Is not such gambling criminal? Is not such a gambler one of the worst enemies of society?

## CAPT. PIPER'S RAID.

Not since the retirement last spring of a patrolman for "obesity acquired in the line of duty" has there been a more ludicrous incident of department history than the descent of Deputy Commissioner Piper on the somnolent City Hall police. In the "old men's home," as Devery called this station-house, the invader found the sergeant napping in the back room, the roundsman nodding, the doorman off duty. After a search of twenty minutes through the posts of the narrow precinct he came upon one lone patrolman on his beat. "Any one might have run off with the City Hall clock," said Piper.

The irony of this is that one of the most vigilant squads in the service was caught napping; a good commander should have placed his outposts to better advantage. But three nights before the City Hall force had acquitted itself with great distinction in the rout of the Greek peanut men. With an admirable intrepidity it had swept the Bridge plaza clear of the enemy and gathered in a station-houseful of contraband of war. If it rested on its laurels rather too long and succumbed to somnolence the fault lies with fate.

The charges to be preferred against the negligent policemen will do good in restoring a relaxed discipline. In recent years there have been numerous hold-ups within earshot of the City Hall station. The state of affairs when Capt. Piper appeared unexpectedly was such as to invite lawlessness right under the station-house windows.

## THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Ethel Carey, an old domestic servant of the Kobbe family, was buried yesterday by her employers with marks of the esteem which her faithful service deserved. She was eighty years old and she had been the servant of three generations of the family, covering a period of sixty-three years.

Domestic service when long and faithfully performed results in ties of affection between employer and employee. In the old Granary burying ground in Boston, where the headstones are thick with the names of persons illustrious in the country's early history, there is a slate slab to the memory of "Prince, servant of John Hancock." To see it is to appreciate the depth of this affection.

In slaveholding days where a lifetime was passed on the plantation this bond was severed only by death. The young black boy who became "marsters' body servant remained in friendly intimacy with him to the last. In South Orange an old colored woman, Mildred Lomox, past eighty, is living with the granddaughter of the mistress whom she served as a slave. One of the oldest servants in this region is Adaline Smith, who has been with the Hayner family, of Yonkers, for sixty-seven years.

When such a servant dies the funeral at the employer's expense is one of the smallest of his tributes to her memory.

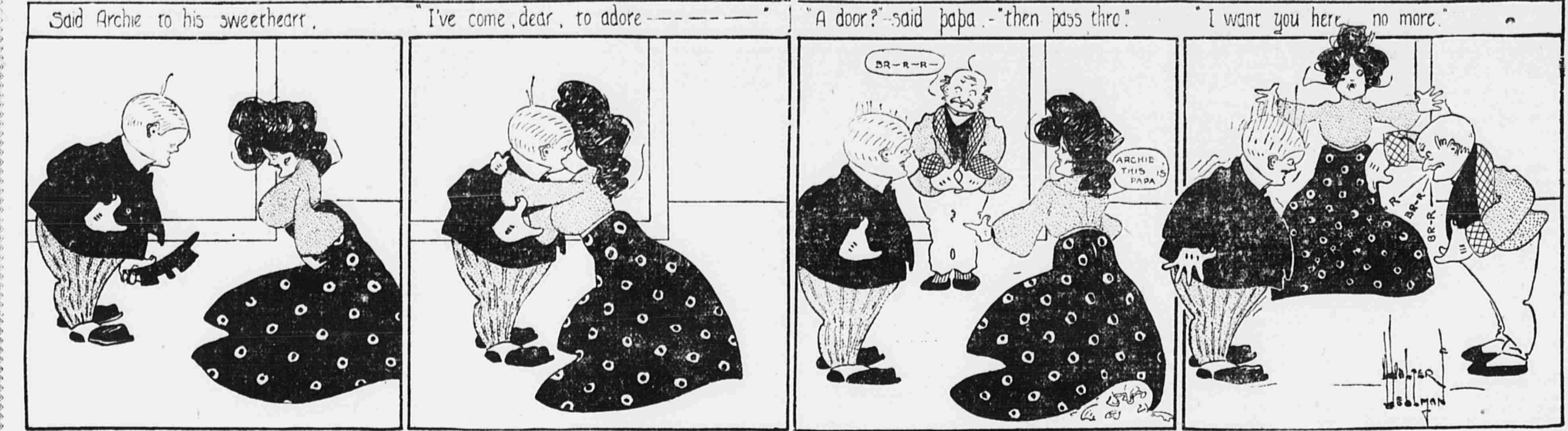
## PRESIDENTIAL NAMESAKES.

A youth bearing the name of Grover Cleveland Fuller is earning \$50,000 a year as a jockey. The fact is more than notable as the achievement of a namesake.

Is not the burden of a great name baptismally applied usually an insuperable hardship to a boy's individual greatness? Of two McClellan namesakes known to the writer one is still earning daily wages and is "Mac" to all; the other's success has come since he discarded the distinguishing feature of his given name. Grant and Garfield namesakes are doubtless too young to have accomplished much; the Fuller lad has gained fame in an exceptional profession requiring precocity. But is there a Fillmore Smith or a Buchanan Robinson of whom the world knows? Is there a Longfellow Jones or a Tennyson Taylor? A Webster Johnson?

Or the slighted done a child by parental neglect or selection—that of the imposition of a name through admiration of a man who has made it great is not the least of its lingering after effects. The boy is branded for life. His father has done him an ill turn from which only superior talent can relieve him.

# The Misadventures of Archie—An Icy Occasion with Edith's Father.



## Physical Culture for Hustling New Yorkers

### LESSON II. How to Breast the Bridge Rush.

If you are lucky enough to have a Saturday half-holiday during the fall, dress yourself neatly and carefully and proceed to some vacant lot near an iron foundry. Undoubtedly there will be a football game on between rival boiler-makers. Make your way casually through the crowd of rosters and approach the centre of the field.

The minute you see the man with the ball rushing over the green pursued by a score of wild-eyed giants, rush forward and grapple with him.

During the ensuing few minutes you will have some lively exercise with the avalanche of hammer swingers who will endeavor to tear you to pieces for interfering with the game.

Unless your nerves are very weak this exercise should be pursued studiously every week. If you are not lucky enough to have the Saturday half-holiday the following may be substituted:

Enter a Clan Na-Gall meeting when in full swing carrying a large orange banner and wearing a placard lettered "A. P. A." across your breast.

One of these meetings a week should suffice for an adult. Another simple treatment is to keep a sharp eye out for a steam street-sweeper.

Make a short run and jump upon the revolving brush. After a few turns with the brush allow yourself to be tossed against a passing ice wagon.

It is possible select only streets with cobble stones.

This brisk exercise can be taken as often as desired.

### GOT THE REWARD.

A superstitious Ozark County young man tried recently for luck to kiss the bride before the bridegroom could kiss her. He is now nursing two black eyes and a broken nose. He got the luck, all right.—Kansas City Journal.

## Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

This Shows That the Ice Always Grows Cold No Matter How Hot a Man's Haste.

